

Nº 3

*Adventures into the*

# UNKNOWN!

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10¢







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# THROW UP YOUR HANDS!

and CHEER for a  
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**COMICS MAGAZINE!**

## BLAZING WEST

--A SLAMBANG, THRILL-A-MINUTE WESTERN COMIC THAT TOPS THEM ALL!



You'll GASP AT FAST-SHOOTING, RED-BLOODED GUNFIGHTERS THAT PACK A POWERHOUSE PUNCH...CHILL TO PAINTED INJUNS ON THE WARPATH...THRILL TO HARD-FIGHTING, FAST-RIDING COWBOY HEROES!

★ ★ ★

You've NEVER read a western like this... it's an action-packed killer-diller! So...

*don't miss*

## BLAZING WEST!



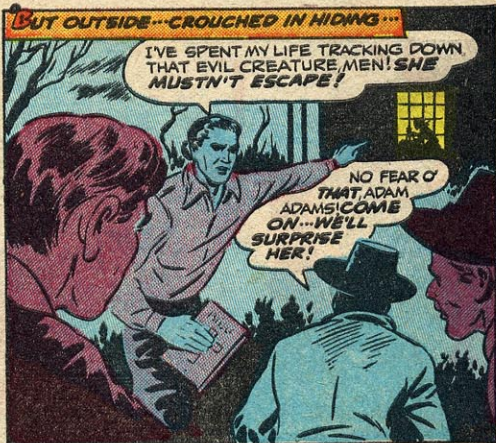
**10¢ ON ALL STANDS**

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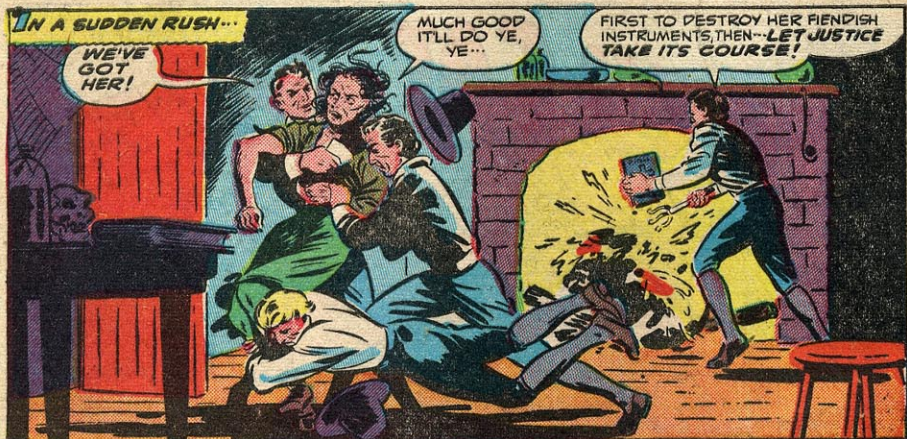


# The WITCH-CAT of SALEM

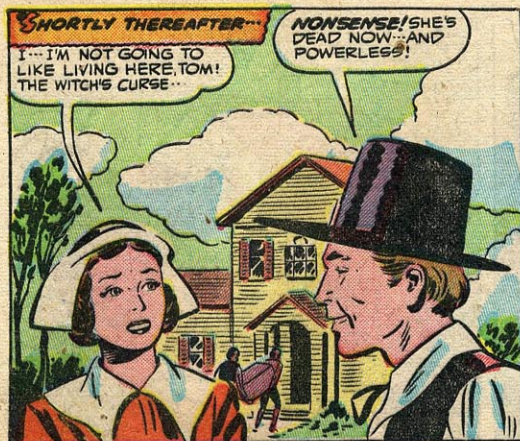
YOU'VE HEARD OF WITCHES  
... BUT HAVE YOU EVER HEARD  
OF A WITCH-CAT? LEGENDS SAY  
OF THE SUPERNATURAL...AND  
THAT THEY EXISTED...AND  
TELL A FASCINATING TALE  
OF A GHOSTLY BEAST  
WHICH WROUGHT HAVOC  
THROUGH THE COUNT-  
LESS YEARS! HERE IT  
IS...  
**THE WITCH-CAT  
of SALEM!**



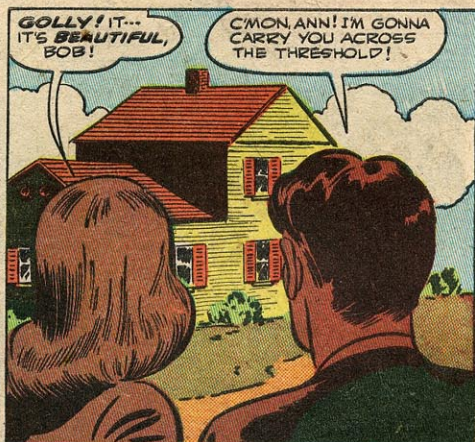




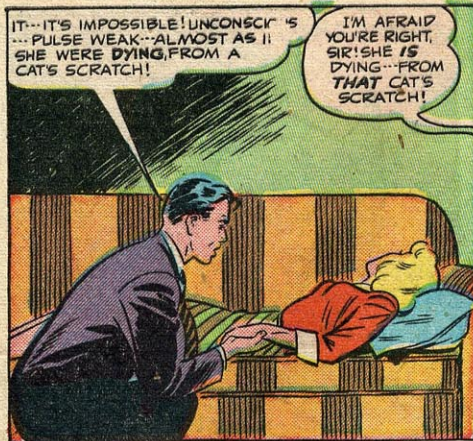












IT...IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! UNCONSCIOUS...  
...PULSE WEAK...ALMOST AS IF  
SHE WERE DYING FROM A  
CAT'S SCRATCH!

I'M AFRAID  
YOU'RE RIGHT,  
SIR! SHE IS  
DYING...FROM  
THAT CAT'S  
SCRATCH!



WHO...WHO ARE  
YOU?

YOU CAN CALL ME  
**DR. ADAMS!** LUCKY I  
DROPPED BY ON A  
NEIGHBORLY VISIT...YOU  
SEE, I KNOW THE TREAT-  
MENT FOR A CASE LIKE  
THIS! I THINK I CAN PULL  
HER THROUGH!



WHAT...HAPPENED? I'VE HAD  
SUCH TERRIBLE DREAMS...  
AN EVIL WITCH...A GHOSTLY  
CAT...

YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW!  
BUT I'D ADVISE YOU BOTH  
TO LEAVE AT ONCE...THIS  
HOUSE IS **DANGEROUS!**  
THERE ARE THINGS  
**BEYOND THE MORTAL...**

THANKS, DR. ADAMS,  
BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE  
THAT! WE'LL  
STAY!



**NO, BOB, YOU  
CAN'T BELIEVE  
IT. CAN YOU?  
YOU CAN'T  
BELIEVE THAT  
A HOUSE CAN  
BE CURSED  
BY AN EVIL  
THING FROM  
BEYOND LIFE  
ITSELF! BUT  
'DR. ADAMS'  
HAS LEFT NOW,  
AND YOU'RE  
UNPROTECTED!  
AND FROM  
OUT OF THE  
UNKNOWN...**

**HA-HA! SO THE YOUNG FOOL  
DOUBTS MY EXISTENCE. DOES  
HE? WE'LL SEE! STRIKE, MY  
LITTLE HELPMATE!  
STRIKE!**



**LIZ'S NIGHT FALLS...**

OH!  
BOB...

JUST A  
THUNDERSTORM.  
ANN! DON'T WORRY  
...I'LL CLOSE THE  
WINDOWS!



**SUDDENLY...**

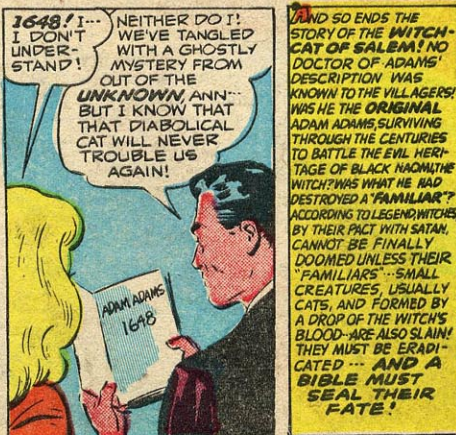
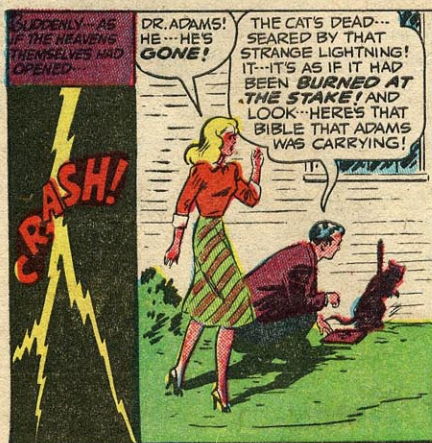
THERE GO THE  
LIGHTS! AND...  
**GOOD HEAVENS!  
ON THE WALL,  
BOB, THAT  
SHADOW...  
LOOK!**

**A--A MON-  
STROUS CAT!  
L-LET'S GET  
OUT OF  
HERE,  
FAST!**











# BY THE **LIGHT** of the **LANTERN**

**W**HAT a spot to be in! Almost midnight, with the rain falling as he trudged down a lonely street in a strange town, lost! Martin Hall regretted the impulse that had made him stop off for a visit to an old school chum. This was the street—but it was too dark to make out the numbers of the houses! Martin stopped before one of them. It wasn't a cheerful looking place, with its windows staring out like blind, ominous eyes—but maybe he could ask directions here!

There was a long wait until the door creaked open. He could dimly perceive a man and woman on the threshold, dressed in strange, outmoded clothing. "Could you direct me to Henry Travers' house?" he asked. He was amazed to see them whisper together, but finally the man answered. "Mr. Travers lives here," he said, "but he won't be back for an hour. Why don't you come in and wait for him?"

It was good to get in out of the howling rain. Martin was amazed to find that the house was lit by a single old oil lantern. By its fitful gleam he studied his host and hostess, wondering who they were. They were a sinister pair—the man with fierce, staring eyes and the woman with a lean, catlike face. Finally the man spoke. "We're glad you happened by," he said, his voice hollow and far away. "There—there's a window down the cellar that we can't get closed, and the rain's coming in. Could you—come down and help us close it?"

Martin wanted to say that he wouldn't go down into that cellar for anything in the world—but before he knew it, the

man had seized the lantern, and they were on their way. The cellar was a ghostly nightmare of darkness. "W—where's the window?" he stammered, but only a mocking cackle answered him. His host handed the old lantern to him—carefully, as if he were almost afraid of it—and suddenly Martin saw that he stood at the edge of a deep pit. And he saw the woman moving close, a long knife in her hand. A shriek of fear burst from his lips. He had no weapon to save him, but he hurled the lantern. There was a ghastly, terror-stricken cry as it burst in their faces, and suddenly—they disappeared!

Martin never knew how he got out of the cellar—how he fled from the old house. There was a gap in his consciousness—all he knew was that suddenly it seemed to be morning, and he was wandering past the identical spot. But there was no house there! All that was left were blackened old foundations, as if a terrible fire had occurred there many years ago. A passerby supplied directions to the home of his friend, Henry Travers, and there, as if casually, Martin asked the story of the old ruins. And he learned that a half-century ago, a man and woman had dwelled in the house that stood there—and that, according to local legend, people who came to call on them were never heard of again! They would lure them to the cellar, where they would murder and then bury them. The story had come out when their house was destroyed by fire. In the act of burying a victim, they had dropped the lantern, and were destroyed in the quick-spreading flames!

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946**

**OF ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN**, published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1945 State of New York County of New York: ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Richard E. Hughes, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of **ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN**, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semi-weekly or tri-weekly newspaper, the circulation) etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933 and July 2, 1946 (section 337, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form: to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the Publisher, Editor, Managing Editor and Business Manager are: Publisher, B. & I. Publishing Co., Inc., 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Richard E. Hughes, 120 W. 153rd St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, Frederick H. Iger, 211 Central Park West, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: B. & I. Publishing Co., Inc., 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.; B. W. Sanzior, 7 West 81st Street, New York, N. Y.; Frederick H. Iger, 211 Central Park West, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities, are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owner, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the two paragraphs contain statements embracing affirmant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustee, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affirmant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities, than as so stated by him. (Signed) Richard E. Hughes, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1945.  
Nat C. Sherman, Notary Public. (Commission expires Mar. 30, 1949)



THE

# Vampire Prowls!



WHAT WAS THE STRANGE FIGURE THAT EMERGED FROM THE TOMB AND LOOMED DARKLY IN THE NIGHT? EVEN BRAVE MEN TREMBLE QUAIL WHEN...  
**"THE VAMPIRE PROWLs!"**

## THE OFFICE OF JUNIUS B. JETHRO, M.D.

YOU LOOK TIRED, DOCTOR. I GUESS THE SAME OLD ROUTINE OF COLDS, FEVERS AND BABIES GETS MONOTONOUS, EH?

YES, IT DOES... BUT ONCE IN A WHILE, I GET A CASE THAT'S REALLY EXCITING! LIKE THE TIME I TREATED THE VICTIM OF A VAMPIRE!



A VAMPIRE! BUT SURELY, DOCTOR, YOU'RE JOKING! SUCH CREATURES DON'T EXIST!

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT, UNTIL I WAS SUMMONED TO TREAT RUTH MORTON! RUTH WAS A MUSICAL COMEDY STAR, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN I'VE EVER SEEN!





FOR WEEKS, THE DOORMAN OF THE THEATER AT WHICH SHE WAS APPEARING NOTICED A STRANGE FIGURE LURKING BENEATH THE MARQUEE...

THAT FELLER GIVES ME THE CREEPS! EVERY NIGHT HE JUST STANDS THERE AND STARES AT HER PICTURE! HE DON'T LOOK HUMAN!



APPARENTLY HE WAS CAPTIVATED BY HER BEAUTY! ONE EVENING...

I WONDER WHO THAT HORRIBLE-LOOKING MAN IS? HE KEEPS STARING AT ME...



AFTER THE SHOW, IN RUTH'S DRESSING ROOM...

YOU... THE MAN IN THE BOX?... WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I COULDN'T KEEP AWAY... I'VE COME TO TELL YOU OF MY LOVE!



HOW DARE YOU! I'M HAPPILY MARRIED AND NOT IN THE HABIT OF ENTERTAINING STRANGE MEN IN MY DRESSING ROOM... PARTICULARLY REPULSIVE CREATURES LIKE YOU! NOW PLEASE GO!

REPULSIVE, AM I?



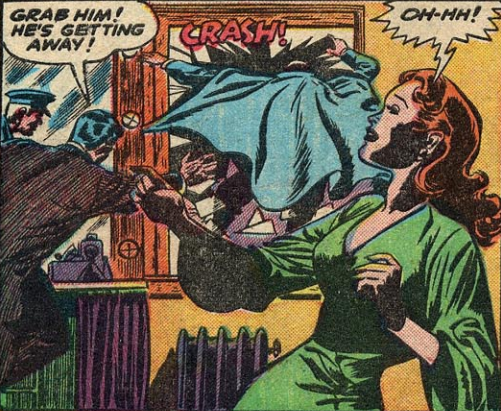
YOU DESPISE ME BECAUSE I AM NOT LIKE OTHER MEN! BUT YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS INSULT! I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE!



GRAB HIM! HE'S GETTING AWAY!

CRASH!

OH-HH!



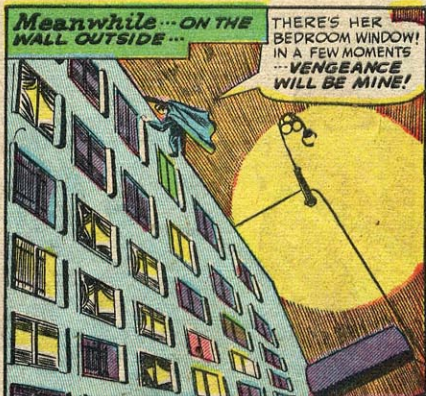
ONE HOUR LATER, AT RUTH MORTON'S APARTMENT...

BUT BILL, HE WAS AWFUL! SUPPOSE... HE COMES AFTER ME AGAIN?

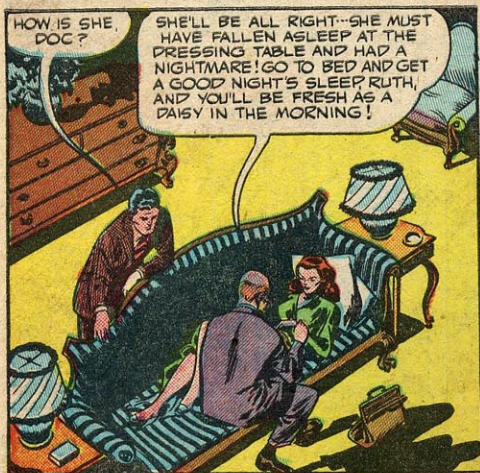
DON'T WORRY... HE'S PROBABLY SO FRIGHTENED HE WON'T SHOW HIS FACE IN THIS TOWN ANY MORE! MIGHT AS WELL GET USED TO IT, HONEY... YOU MEET ALL KINDS OF QUEER PEOPLE IN SHOW BUSINESS!











OF COURSE, SCIENCE KNOWS THAT SUCH CREATURES DON'T EXIST... BUT HER EVERY DESCRIPTION OF THE WAY HE LOOKED, HIS WORDS, HIS ACTIONS... THEY ALL CHECK WITH THE CLASSIC IDEA OF A VAMPIRE!

AS THE DREARY HOURS PASS, BILL'S VIGILANCE WANES...









**At the Mercy Hospital Morgue...**

THIS IS THE GUY WHO FELL OR JUMPED FROM THAT PARK AVENUE APARTMENT HOUSE—MARK HIM **"DEAD ON ARRIVAL!"**

ALWAYS **INTERRUPTIONS!** I NEVER GET A CHANCE T' READ ME PAPER!



**Upstairs...**

SHE'S RESTING COMFORTABLY NOW! YOU'D BETTER GO HOME...AND STOP WORRYING! NOTHING CAN HAPPEN TO HER **HERE**...ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!

OKAY, IF YOU INSIST!



**AS DARKNESS FALLS AND DEATHLY QUIET REIGNS IN THE MORGUE THE VAMPIRE RISES FROM HIS MARBLE SLAB...**



...FOR SOME SAY A VAMPIRE DOESN'T DIE LIKE MORTALS! DURING THE DAYLIGHT HOURS, HE HAS LAIN IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION RESEMBLING DEATH, BUT WITH DARKNESS...HE RISES AGAIN!

IT'S A GHOST! HE'S COMING AFTER ME!



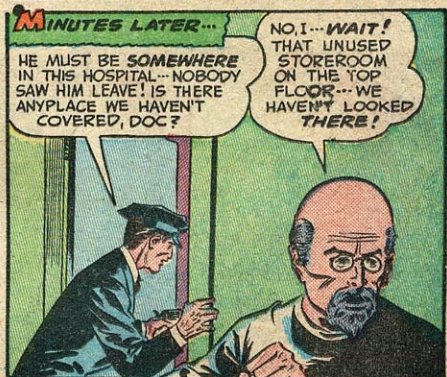
I'M WEAK...CONFUSED! IF...IF ONLY I COULD JUST LOOK AT HER FACE AGAIN! MY INSTINCT TELLS ME SHE'S...NEAR...



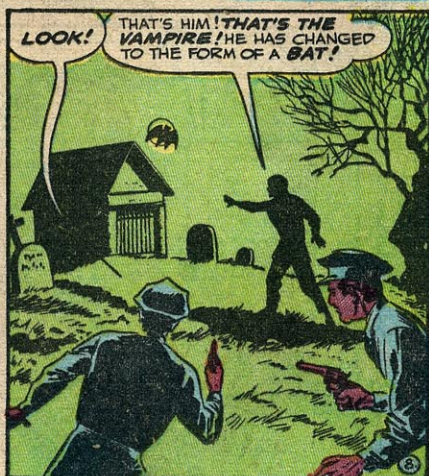
OH...WHERE AM I?...SOMETHING'S SCRATCHING AT THE WINDOW!

















# STRANGE SPIRITS

-CELTIC SUPERSTITIONS-



THE GHOSTLY DRUIDS WERE CRUEL...ALL-POWERFUL! LEGEND TELLS THAT THEY MADE THEIR ENEMIES DISAPPEAR...



MANY AND STRANGE ARE THE SPIRITS AND PHANTOMS OF OLD IRELAND! AMONG THE EARLIEST WERE THE TERRIBLE DRUIDS! IT WAS SAID THEY COULD BRING DOWN SHOWERS OF BLOOD...

BUT IN THIS CASE, AT LEAST... THE BANSHEE SPOKE THE TRUTH!

OH, NO! N-NO!

IRISH LEGEND HAS ALSO GIVEN US THE BANSHEE...A SCREAMING SPECTER WHO SPREAD TERROR!

THE BANSHEE! HE'S TELLIN' OF DEATH TO COME!

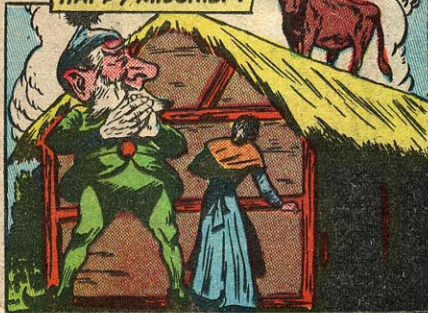
YE WOULDN'T BE BELIEVIN' THAT NONSENSE, MARY!

OWEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!



BUT THERE ARE OTHER AND HAPPIER SPIRITS IN IRISH FOLKLORE! THE LEPRACHAUN...A GAY AND SPRIGHTLY ELF DELIGHTING IN HAPPY MISCHIEF!

ANOTHER GRIM CELTIC SUPERSTITION RELATES OF DEMNA AIR...A FIERCE SPIRIT WHO REJOICED IN CRUEL AND VIOLENT DEATH!





# The SPECTER of LITTLE DREAD HOUSE



ONLY A LITTLE HOUSE, A TINY STRUCTURE FIT FOR A DOLL... BUT WITHIN IT LURKED A GIANT AND GHOSTLY EVIL THAT SET A TOWN TREMBLING!

A FOGGY MORNING IN THE LITTLE VILLAGE OF GRAYVIEW...

WAL, I'LL BE! SOME KIND O' DOLL HOUSE, I RECKON... BUT IT WASN'T THERE LAST NIGHT! MAGIC, I CALLS IT!

BLACK MAGIC, YOU MEAN! IT'S NO DOLL'S HOUSE, BUT A THING OF EVIL! BETTER KEEP AWAY, LUKE!

I GOT A SIXTH SENSE AND I KNOW! THAT THING'S CURSED! IT MEANS THAT DANGER IS A-COMIN' TO GRAYVIEW!

OH-HHH!





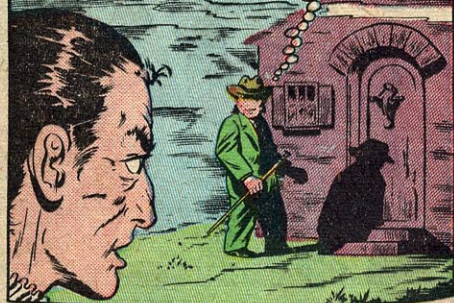
**SUDDENLY...THE ODD  
MYSTERY IS SOLVED!**

**HAW-HAW! YOU RUBES  
CALL IT MAGIC...BUT  
WE CALL 'EM PRE-  
FABRICATED HOUSES!**

**WE SPENT THE  
WHOLE NIGHT  
PUTTIN' THIS  
ONE UP! YOU  
GOT A NEW  
NEIGHBOR,  
FOLKS!**

**HEAVENLY NED...IS  
THAT THE OWNERT  
MUST BE A CIRCUS  
MIDGET...A REG'LAR  
LITTLE TOM THUMB!**

**THEY'RE STARING  
AT ME...STARING!  
HOW I HATE THEM  
ALL!**



**LISTEN, ALL  
OF YOU! THIS IS MY  
PROPERTY...AND I DON'T  
ALLOW TRESPASSERS! GET  
OUT, DO YOU HEAR ME  
...OUT!**



**HE'S GONE INSIDE NOW...  
BUT I RECOGNIZED HIM! HE'S  
"TINY TIM" CARVER, THAT AWFUL  
"LITTLE MIDGET WHO WAS  
JUST TRIED FOR MURDER!  
HE GOT OFF, BUT HE'S A  
MENACE, EMILY...A MENACE!**

**REALLY? IT MUSTA  
HAPPENED WHILE  
I WAS IN THE  
HOSPITAL! TELL  
ME ABOUT IT!**



**"WELL, IT ALL BEGAN IN A FUNNY  
SORT O' WAY! THE CIRCUS WAS ON TOUR,  
AND THIS MIDGET FALLS IN LOVE WITH  
A FULL-GROWN WOMAN...A TIGHT-ROPE  
WALKER!"**

**SHE...SHE'S BEAUTIFUL!  
IF ONLY I THOUGHT SHE  
CARED, I'D TELL HER HOW  
I WORSHIP HER! BUT  
DE SCALO, THE STRONG  
MAN...HE'S INSANELY  
JEALOUS! IF HE ONLY  
KNEW...**



**"YOU'RE THE LOYALEST MEMBER OF MY  
AUDIENCE, TIM...HOW'D MY ACT GO  
OVER? HERE'S A LITTLE KISS...  
FOR MY BIGGEST LITTLE FAN!"**





DID YOU HAVE TO KISS HIM, DIANA? NEXT THING, HE'LL BE IMAGINING THAT...

**NONSENSE!**  
THE LITTLE MANNEQUIN JUST AMUSES ME! THERE'S NO HARM IN IT!

OKAY... GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! IMAGINE A BIG MAN LIKE ME, JEALOUS OF A MIDGET! GUESS I OUGHT TO HAVE MY HEAD EXAMINED!

I LIKE MAKING YOU JEALOUS! NEXT TIME I'LL KISS HIM TWICE!



"THAT GIRL JUST DIDN'T REALIZE SHE WAS PLAYING WITH FIRE! THE NEXT WEEK..."

THESE ROSES, DIANA... FOR YOU! I CAN'T KEEP MY SECRET ANY LONGER! AND NOW THAT YOUR KISSES HAVE TOLD ME I HAVE A CHANCE... I LOVE YOU!

WHAT?  
OH, NO!



OH, TIM... HA-HA-HA! I... I KNOW I SHOULDN'T LAUGH, BUT I CAN'T HELP IT! ME, DIANA TRAPELLA... AND A MAN THREE FEET TALL! IT... IT'S RIDICULOUS!

THREE FEET TALL, YES... BUT THREE FEET OF HATRED!



"THE HOUSE WAS STILL WHEN DIANA TRAPELLA EDGED OUT ON THE HIGH ROPE..."

"HE MEANT WHAT HE SAID, EMILY... ABOUT HATRED! BECAUSE THAT VERY NIGHT, JUST BEFORE THE BIG SHOW..."

I'LL FRAY THE ROPE JUST ENOUGH TO MAKE SURE IT PARTS... AND NOBODY'LL EVER BE ABLE TO PROVE ANYTHING AGAINST ME! LAUGH AT ME, WILL SHE!



DON'T WORRY, HONEY... YOU'RE SAFE! I WON'T LET THAT LITTLE WRETCH GET ANYWHERE NEAR YOU!

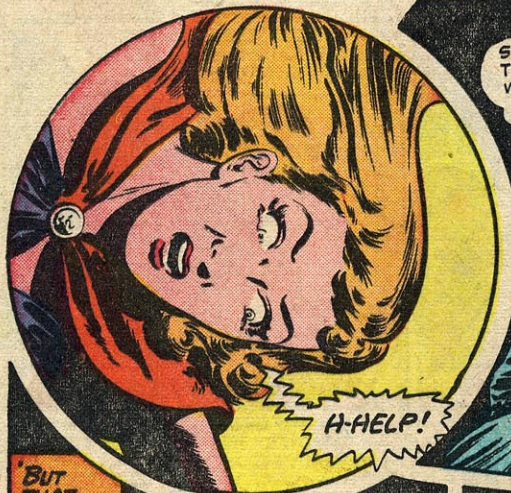
I SHOULDN'T HAVE TOLD YOU ABOUT HIS THREAT... IT'S TOO NON-SENSICAL!



THE ROPE, IT'S... OH-HHH!







**'BUT  
THAT  
NIGHT...'**

**YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, LITTLE  
MAN! WE'VE HEARD THAT YOU  
THREATENED MISS TRAPELLA  
...AND WE DON'T LIKE THE  
LOOKS OF THAT ROPE!**



**TINY TINE  
NATIONAL  
CIRCUS**

**STAND BACK, FOLKS!  
THERE'S NOTHING  
WE CAN DO FOR  
HER NOW!**

**SHE... SHE'LL  
NEVER LAUGH  
AT ME AGAIN!**

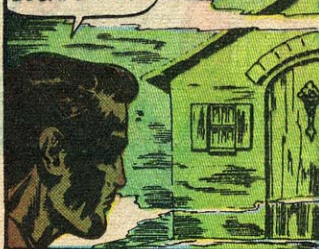


**BUT THERE WASN'T  
ANY REAL EVIDENCE...SO THE JURY  
BROUGHT IN A VERDICT OF NOT GUILTY!  
MATTER OF FACT, I WAS JUST GUESSING  
WHEN I TOLD YOU ABOUT HIM SAWING  
THE ROPE!**



**BUT DE SCALO, THE STRONG  
MAN, WASN'T GUESSING! HE  
KNEW THE TRUTH!**

**THAT TRIAL WAS A  
MOCKERY! HE KILLED  
DIANA...AND HE WON'T  
ESCAPE ME!**



**THE LITTLE FOOL...THINKING  
HE COULD FLEE MY VENGE-  
ANCE BY COMING HERE! I'LL  
JUST CRAWL IN...AND  
THEN...!**



**DE SCALO!  
NO...DON'T  
DO IT! I'M  
INNOCENT!**

**YOU'RE LYING,  
YOU BLACK-  
HEARTED  
LITTLE DEVIL!  
HERE IT  
COMES!**







TEN YEARS LATER... A NEW DWELLING HAS ARISEN AT THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY...

BOY, IT'S GREAT TO GET BACK TO A NEW HOME--AND FIND A BEAUTIFUL WIFE WAITING FOR ME!



HI, ALICE! HOW'D YOU MAKE OUT ON THE FIRST BLUE MONDAY IN OUR DREAM HOUSE?

BLUE IS RIGHT, JIM! I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT I'VE HAD THE STRANGEST FEELING...



IT'S AS IF A DARK SHADOW WERE IN THE ROOM WITH ME... SOMETHING FRIGHTENING...

NONSENSE! JUST SOMETHING YOU ATE, THAT'S ALL!







JIM SAID HE WAS GOING FOR SOME BLACK PAINT...I WONDER WHY? HMMMM...THAT'S WHERE I SAW THAT LITTLE HOUSE THAT DISAPPEARED...AND THAT UGLY, HORRIBLE MIDGET!



UGLY AND HORRIBLE, AM I? EVEN NOW I AM NOT FREE OF THE SCORN THAT FOLLOWED ME IN LIFE! BUT NOW I CAN STRIKE BACK AND BE AVENGED! WHEN SHE GOES UPSTAIRS...



SHE'LL NEVER SEE THIS THIN WIRE!



THERE! THAT NOISE SHOULD BRING HER DOWNSTAIRS ON THE RUN!



JIM! IS THAT YOU? WHAT HAPPENED?



I... OH!



THAT FALL KNOCKED HER OUT! NOW TO DRAG HER INTO MY LITTLE HOUSE...AND SHE'LL NEVER BE HEARD OF AGAIN!





**RECOVERING...ALICE FIGHTS BACK!**

IT'S...NO USE! THERE'S SOMETHING EVIL IN THE AIR...AND IT'S DRAINING MY POWERS!

YES...SOMETHING FROM BEYOND LIFE ITSELF! YOU'RE GETTING WEAKER... WEAKER...



USELESS TO RESIST...YOU'RE IN MY POWER! COME...LET ME LEAD YOU INTO MY HOME!

INTO... YOUR HOME! YES...



ALICE...I'M BACK! WHERE ARE YOU?

OH-HHH!



SHE...SHE'S DISAPPEARED INTO THAT LITTLE, DREAD HOUSE! I KNOW WHAT I'VE GOT TO DO...BUT HAVE I TIME?

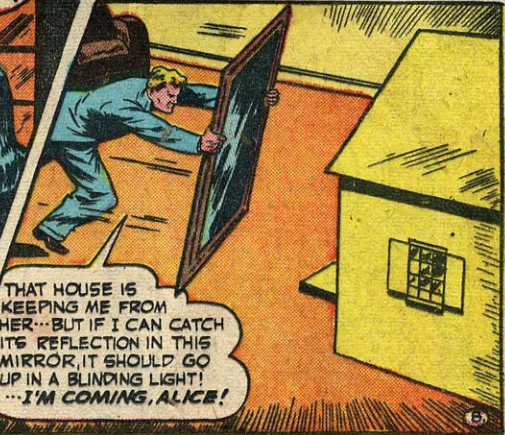


SOON THIS HOUSE WILL DISAPPEAR...WITH YOU IN IT!... JEER AT ME, EH?

KEEP AWAY! HELP! HELP!



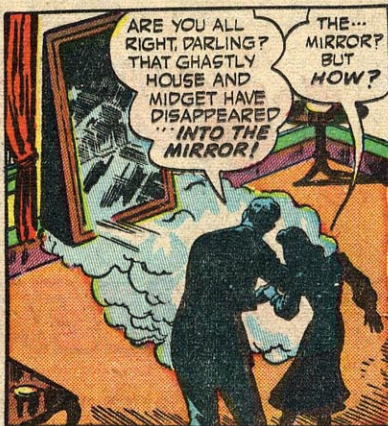
THAT HOUSE IS KEEPING ME FROM HER...BUT IF I CAN CATCH ITS REFLECTION IN THIS MIRROR, IT SHOULD GO UP IN A BLINDING LIGHT! ...I'M COMING, ALICE!







IT'S HAPPENING!  
THAT BLINDING  
LIGHT...



ARE YOU ALL  
RIGHT, DARLING?  
THAT GHASTLY  
HOUSE AND  
MIDGET HAVE  
DISAPPEARED  
... INTO THE  
MIRROR!

THE...  
MIRROR?  
BUT  
HOW?



JIM! THE  
MIDGET'S GHOST...  
IT'S STARTING  
TO COME OUT!



STEADY, ALICE!  
BRING ME THAT  
CAN OF BLACK  
PAINT...FAST!  
I WAS PREPARED  
FOR THIS!



GOOD THING I STUDIED UP ON ALL THIS  
IN TIME...AND LEARNED THAT MIRRORS  
CAN ABSORB GHOSTLY MANIFESTATIONS!  
AND THE BLACK PAINT PREVENTS  
THE TRAPPED SPECTERS  
FROM COMING OUT!



I'VE BROKEN  
THE MIRROR NOW!  
WE'VE SEEN THE  
LAST OF THAT  
VICIOUS LITTLE  
MONSTER!

STORED AWAY IN  
A LOOKING-GLASS,  
WRAPPED UP IN  
BLACK AND  
SHATTERED! THANK  
HEAVENS HELL  
TROUBLE US NO  
MORE!

The  
END



# KNOW WHAT This IS. READER?

Enter  
This  
Contest  
...or  
else!

It's not only the announcement of the greatest, most fascinating contest in years...but an example of *AUTOMATIC WRITING*, one of the favorite means used by mediums in communicating with the great *UNKNOWN*!

But there's a *BETTER* way...and that's by reading each and every issue of the most daring, most challenging

magazine ever published...*ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN*! Use it as your passkey to an exciting new world...the world of the mysterious and unexplained! And since it's *YOUR* magazine...yours for thrills...we want to hear from *YOU*! So...

## ENTER THIS NEW CONTEST!

HAVE YOU HAD ANY ADVENTURES INTO THE *UNKNOWN*? OR HAVE YOU HEARD OF ANY STRANGE AND MYSTERIOUS EXPERIENCES YOU'D LIKE TO PASS ALONG TO OTHER READERS? IF SO... SEND US A LETTER AND TELL US ABOUT IT! THE GRAND PRIZE-WINNING ADVENTURE WILL BE PUBLISHED AS A COMPLETE PICTURE STORY... AND WILL CARRY THE WINNER'S NAME AS AUTHOR! AND THE SECOND AND THIRD BEST ADVENTURES WILL APPEAR IN THIS MAGAZINE AS STRAIGHT STORIES, ALSO BEARING THE NAMES OF THE WINNING CONTESTANTS! REMEMBER, IT WILL BE *YOUR* STORY...BY *YOU*! THE FIRST THREE WINNERS WILL ALSO BE REWARDED WITH *CASH PRIZES*...AND 25 MORE LUCKY CONTESTANTS WILL RECEIVE SPECIAL AWARDS!

### PRIZES

1<sup>st</sup> Prize...\$25.00

2<sup>nd</sup> Prize...\$15.00

3<sup>rd</sup> Prize...\$10.00

and  
25 SPECIAL  
PRIZES OF  
FREE 12-ISSUE  
SUBSCRIPTIONS!

THIS CONTEST CLOSSES ON FEBRUARY 27<sup>th</sup> 1949

Names of all winners will be announced...follow this magazine regularly for details! Make your letter *ANY* length...and include a statement of which of the stories in this issue you liked best and why...and what you'd like to see in the future issues of *ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN*!

Address all entries to:

**COMICS CONTEST EDITOR**  
45 WEST 45<sup>TH</sup> STREET.  
NEW YORK 19, N.Y.

Rush  
YOUR  
ENTRIES!



# DO SUCH THINGS EXIST?

THE AFFAIR OF THE FERRICK PHANTOM

ARE THERE SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS? WE SAY NO... AND SCIENCE HAS GONE TO GREAT LENGTHS IN PROVING THAT SO-CALLED SUPERNATURAL MANIFESTATIONS ARE EITHER OUTRIGHT FAKES OR MERE FIGMENTS OF THE IMAGINATION! SOMETIMES, HOWEVER, STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN WHICH CAN'T BE EXPLAINED READILY BY PHYSICAL FACT! THIS SORT OF THING, FOR INSTANCE "THE AFFAIR OF THE FERRICK PHANTOM!"

IT ALL BEGAN AT A MEETING OF THE ANTI-GHOST SOCIETY... AN ORGANIZATION OF SCIENTIFIC EXPERTS...

AS YOU KNOW, GENTLEMEN, OUR PURPOSE IS TO INVESTIGATE CASES OF SUPPOSED GHOSTLY PHENOMENA AND 'DEBUNK' THEM BY SHOWING THAT ONLY NATURAL CAUSES ARE AT WORK! WE WILL NOW CONSIDER THE STORY OF MR.

RICHARD FERRICK!

I'LL START IN BY SAYING THAT MY PURPOSE IS JUST THE OPPOSITE OF YOURS, BECAUSE I WANT TO PROVE THAT A GHOST REALLY DID EXIST! THE STORY BEGINS MANY YEARS AGO, AT MY PARENTS' WEDDING...





**THERE WAS AN UNEASY ATMOSPHERE ABOUT THE WHOLE CEREMONY! VARDIS NELSON, A REJECTED SUITOR, HAD SWORN HE'D BE REVENGED!**

I'M SO WORRIED, DAVID! VARDIS IS LIKE A WILD MAN! HE

RELAX, HONEY! HE WON'T DARE TRY ANYTHING IN A CHURCH!

BRETHREN, WE ARE GATHERED HERE TO JOIN...



**BUT MY DAD DIDN'T REALIZE THE EXTENT OF NELSON'S HATRED!**

NO NEED TO GO ANY FURTHER! I TOLD YOU I'D GET BOTH OF YOU... AND I'M HERE TO PAY OFF!

OH-HHH!

STOP HIM, QUICK!



**THEY OVERCAME HIM BEFORE HE COULD DO ANY MORE DAMAGE, BUT AS HE WAS BEING LED AWAY...**

AH-HHH!

GOOD HEAVENS!

I FAILED THIS TIME... BUT I WON'T AGAIN! IT MAY TAKE YEARS, BUT I'LL GET BOTH OF YOU FOR WRECKING MY LIFE!

YOU WON'T GET ANYBODY... NOT IF THOSE FOLKS YA SHOT UP DIE!



**NELSON'S VENGEANCE HAD TO WAIT. HE RECEIVED A 25-YEAR JAIL TERM FOR FELONIOUS ASSAULT! MEANWHILE, MY PARENTS MOVED TO THE DISTANT CITY WHERE I WAS BORN. MOTHER HAD DIED AND NELSON WAS ALMOST FORGOTTEN WHEN, ONE DAY...**

THAT MAN PARKED AT THE CURB, DAD! I WONDER WHY HE'S STARING AT US THAT WAY?

GREAT SCOTT!



HE SURE TOOK OFF IN A HURRY! BUT THAT LOOK ON HIS FACE... IT'S AS IF HE HATED US!

REMEMBER ME TELLING YOU ABOUT VARDIS NELSON, DICK? THAT'S HIM! HE'S OUT OF JAIL... AND HE'S TRACKED US DOWN!





"DAD KNEW HIS MAN...AND HE WAS  
PLENTY SCARED! NEXT DAY HE DE-  
CIDED TO DRIVE TO THE COUNTY  
SEAT AND ASK THE SHERIFF FOR  
PROTECTION!"

BETTER TAKE CARE OF  
YOURSELF, DICK...IF I  
KNOW NELSON, HE'LL  
TRY TO STRIKE AT  
**YOU**, TOO! JUST RE-  
MEMBER YOU'RE ALL  
I'VE GOT IN THIS  
WORLD!

I'M NOT FOR-  
GETTING, DAD...  
BUT IT'S **YOU**!  
I'M WORRIED  
ABOUT!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME! I'M  
ALL RIGHT AS LONG AS I HAVE  
MY LUCKY LITTLE IDOL ALONG  
...AND HERE IT IS! I'VE ALWAYS  
CARRIED IT AND I ALWAYS WILL!

YOU AND YOUR  
SUPERSTITIONS! OKAY  
...AS LONG AS IT DOES  
A GOOD JOB OF WATCH-  
ING OVER YOU!



THE ROAD TO THE COUNTY SEAT CROSSED  
STEEP AND DANGEROUS MOUNTAIN GRADES!  
SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY...

MY BRAKES!  
THEY'RE NOT  
HOLDING!



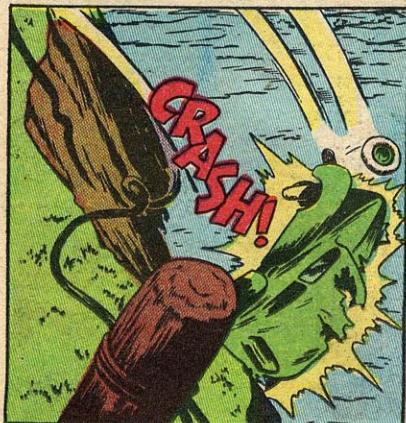
OH, MY  
HEAVENS!



LATER...JUST BEFORE THE FUNERAL...

ER...MR. FERRICK! **THIS**  
WAS IN YOUR FATHER'S  
HAND WHEN WE TOOK  
HIS BODY FROM THE  
WRECKAGE! YOU  
WANT IT, NO DOUBT?

I OUGHT TO DESTROY IT  
FOR THE **BAD** LUCK IT  
BROUGHT DAD... BUT I  
GUESS HE VALUED IT  
TOO MUCH! MIGHT AS  
WELL BURY IT WITH  
HIM, CLUTCHED IN HIS  
HAND AS YOU  
FOUND IT!





**"I STILL DIDN'T REALIZE THAT THE WRECK SPELLED FOUL PLAY...UNTIL THAT NIGHT! THEN, FOR THE FIRST TIME, I SAW A GHOST!"**

**DAD! NO...IT CAN'T BE!**

I WAS your father... IN LIFE! I'VE COME TO TELL YOU MY DEATH WAS NO ACCIDENT...THE BRAKES ON MY CAR HAD BEEN TAMPERED WITH! BE WARNED...NELSON WILL STRIKE AT YOU NEXT!



THEN YOU THINK YOUR FATHER'S GHOST ACTUALLY APPEARED TO REVEAL WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM AND WARN YOU AGAINST THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR IT, EH?

I DON'T THINK IT... I KNOW IT!

ONE MOMENT, SIR! LET ME DISPOSE OF THAT CLAIM!



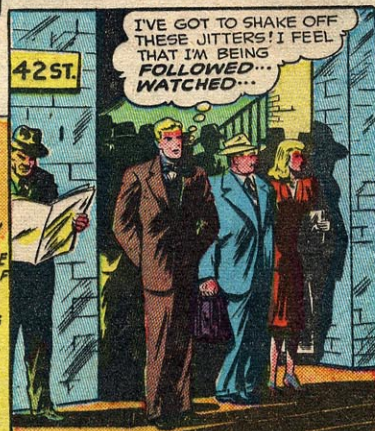
**DR. EMERY KENT, NEUROLOGIST...**

FREQUENTLY THE SUDDEN DEATH OF ONE NEAR AND DEAR CAN PRODUCE A STATE OF PATHOLOGICAL SHOCK, AFFECTING THE NERVES OF THE VICTIM AND PRODUCING SYSTEMATIZED DELUSIONS! THAT WAS YOUR GHOST, MR. FERRICK!

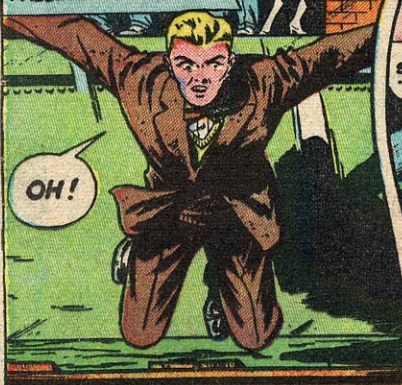
BUT WAIT! THAT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING!



I DON'T MIND ADMITTING THAT I WAS SCARED... PLENTY! I FLEW TO NEW YORK, HOPING TO PUT DISTANCE BETWEEN MYSELF AND NELSON! BUT THERE, WHILE WAITING FOR A SUBWAY...



**...I FELT A SUDDEN PUSH! I WAS FALLING... FALLING!**



**"AS I LAY ON THE TRACKS, HALF-DAZED, I LOOKED UP...INTO THE GLOATING FACE OF VARDIS NELSON!"**

GET HIM, SOMEBODY... QUICK!

IT'S TOO LATE! THERE'S AN EXPRESS COMING IN!

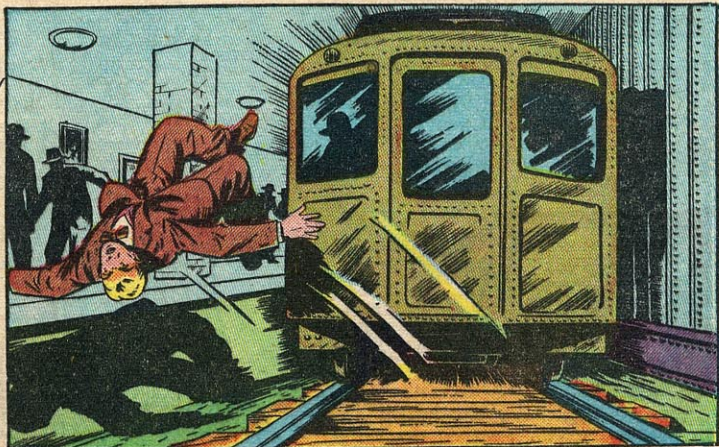
HE'LL BE KILLED!

EEEEEEEE!





**THE ROARING TRAIN WAS ALREADY UPON ME... DEATH WAS CERTAIN... WHEN SUDDENLY I FELT MYSELF LIFTED FROM THE TRACKS BY SOME GIANT, UNSEEN STRENGTH, AND THROWN CLEAR! WHAT ELSE COULD HAVE SAVED ME BUT MY FATHER'S GHOST?**



**DR. HENRY LOFTUS... SPECIALIST ON MUSCULAR DISORDERS...**

I'M AFRAID YOUR ASSUMPTION OF SUPERNATURAL AID IS A LITTLE NAIVE! YOU WERE SAVED BY YOUR OWN **REFLEX ACTION**, SIR... BY THE SPASMODIC CONTRACTION OF MUSCLES LENT GREATER TONE BY THE INCREASED SECRETION OF THE ADRENAL GLANDS IN A MOMENT OF STRESS AND DANGER!



YOUR EXPLANATIONS ARE VERY LOGICAL, GENTLEMEN... AND IF I DIDN'T HAVE **FURTHER** EVIDENCE, I'D FEEL LIKE A FOOL! HOWEVER, REALIZING THAT IT WAS FUTILE TO TRY TO KEEP ON FLEEING FROM NELSON, I RETURNED HOME! I WENT TO SLEEP THAT NIGHT...



...AND OPENED MY EYES TO FIND THE HOUSE IN FLAMES! IT WAS MY FATHER'S GHOST AGAIN! IT HAD AWAKENED ME!

UH...WHAT... GREAT HEAVENS! YOU AND THE ROOM-- IT'S AN INFERNO!



IT HELPED ME ESCAPE... IN THE NICK OF TIME! I'D LIKE TO HEAR HOW YOU PEOPLE EXPLAIN THAT ONE!

THANK HEAVENS... YOU GOT ME UP IN TIME!





PROFESSOR R. V. CLATON, PSYCHIATRIST...

IT'S ALL VERY SIMPLE! MERELY A CASE OF **AUTO-HYPNOSIS!** BY THIS TIME YOU HAD **CONVINCED** YOURSELF THAT A SPIRIT WAS AT WORK, AND YOUR BELIEF BECAME AN OBSESSION! DREAMING OF YOUR FATHER, AS WAS NATURAL, YOU TRANSFORMED THE DREAM IMAGE INTO A GHOSTLY SYMBOL! THE HALLUCINATION WAS SO VIVID AS TO AWAKEN YOU... **LUCKY THING, TOO!**

I THINK WE'VE DISPOSED OF MR. FERRICK'S CLAIM OF A 'GHOST'... HE HASN'T PRESENTED THE SLIGHTEST SHRED OF REAL PROOF! SHALL WE CONSIDER OUR NEXT CASE?

WAIT... THERE ARE A FEW ADDITIONAL FACTS BEFORE YOU CAN CONSIDER THIS CASE CLOSED! **LISTEN!**



**I KNEW THAT NELSON HAD SET THAT FIRE... THAT HE WAS RELENTLESS! SO I DETERMINED TO HAVE IT OUT WITH HIM! HE WAS LIVING IN A RENTED HOUSE IN TOWN...**

THIS "REVENGE" IDEA OF YOURS IS INSANE, NELSON! AND IF ONLY I HAD **PROOF** THAT YOU WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR MY FATHER'S DEATH...

THERE WON'T BE ANY PROOF WHEN IT COMES TO **YOURS**, EITHER! I'LL BE AVENGED... AND THERE'LL BE NO EVIDENCE AGAINST ME!

**YOU DEVIL! I'LL GET THE EVIDENCE YET... AND THE LAW WILL FINISH THE JOB IT STARTED ON YOU!**

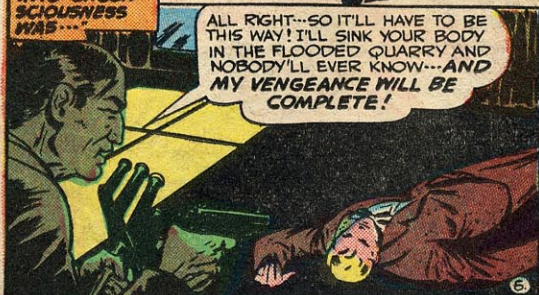


THINK SO, YOU FOOL?



**I'VE HAD ME FOR FAIR! AND THE LAST THING I HEARD BEFORE I SANK INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS WAS...**

ALL RIGHT... SO I'LL HAVE TO BE THIS WAY! I'LL SINK YOUR BODY IN THE FLOODED QUARRY AND NOBODY'LL EVER KNOW... AND MY VENGEANCE WILL BE COMPLETE!





"I SHOULD HAVE BEEN DEAD...BUT STRANGELY ENOUGH, I WASN'T! WHEN I RECOVERED...HERE'S WHAT I SAW!"

IT'S...NELSON! SOMETHING STOPPED HIM FROM KILLING ME...BUT WHAT?



HE'S DEAD! AND THAT EXPRESSION OF AWFUL FEAR ON HIS FACE...AS IF HE'S BEEN AT GRIPS WITH SOMETHING FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE ITSELF!



THOMAS R. DEMBY,  
COUNTY MEDICAL EXAMINER...

YOU CAN FORGET ALL THAT, FERRICK! AS IT HAPPENS, I FILLED OUT THE DEATH CERTIFICATE FOR VARDIS NELSON--HE DIED OF HEART FAILURE, PURE AND SIMPLE! THE FACIAL EXPRESSION TO WHICH YOU REFER COULD HAVE RESULTED FROM THE SUDDEN SEIZURE!

THAT'S ALL VERY WELL...EXCEPT FOR ONE THING! I NOTICED AN OBJECT CLUTCHED IN NELSON'S HAND, AS IF HE'D TORN IT AWAY FROM SOMEONE...OR SOMETHING...IN HIS DEATH STRUGGLE! LET ME SHOW YOU...



HERE'S  
WHAT I  
FOUND,  
GENTLEMEN!



THE LAST LINK OF EVIDENCE...THE ORIENTAL IDOL THAT HAD BEEN BURIED WITH A DEAD MAN! DICK FERRICK HAS PRESENTED HIS TESTIMONY--THE EXPERTS HAVE CLAIMED THAT ONLY NATURAL CAUSES WERE AT WORK...YET FINALLY, THIS MUTE TESTIMONY FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE! WE'VE HEARD BOTH SIDES OF THE STORY NOW--AND THE CASE RESTS! WAS THERE REALLY A GHOST HERE? WHAT DO YOU THINK, READER?



# The **EMPTY HOUSE**

**T**HE lobby of the Pioneer Hotel in Red Gulch was a crowded spot, jammed with people who were vainly trying to register. But there wasn't a room to be had—it was Rodeo Week, and every lodging place in town was filled to capacity. But even if rooms were available, that wouldn't have helped Silk, Lefty and Pete, three crooked characters who had drifted into town looking for easy pickings. They were dead broke—and in search of a victim! And now, they figured, they had found one. For the man speaking to the room clerk was none other than Slim McKee, a noted prospector, just in from one of his periodic gold hunts. Slim was known for his luck in never returning empty-handed—and this time was no exception, judging from the bulk in his waist which spelled an overflowing money-belt. But he was also known as a mighty fighter and dead shot, which was the reason why Silk, Lefty and Pete were laying their plans carefully!

"He's a friendly cuss who trusts everybody," whispered Silk, "an' he's gotta find some place to sleep! I been thinkin' about that old empty house just outside o' town—the one these local yokels claim is *haunted*! We'll tell 'im we're gonna bunk there, an' invite 'im to come along. We talk about a ghost there, see, an' laugh at it like it's a big joke! But when we get 'im in there, we make with the spooky stuff! The innocent yap'll be scared so silly that we can take 'im off guard, slip 'im the business an' make off with his gold!"

The plot seemed to work like a charm. Slim McKee was charmed by their friendly offer and agreed that talk of ghosts must be purely foolish local gossip—and so off they went to the haunted house! It was already dark when they reached it, and they couldn't deny that it was an eerie-looking structure. Unconsciously, they lowered their voices as they entered the old and abandoned place. Inside was dust and ruination—together with an odd and oppressive atmosphere which cast a strange terror—in all except Slim McKee! "Shore am sleepy, boys," he announced, as he folded his coat into a pillow. "Guess I'll hit the hay!"

Silk nudged Lefty. "Time to start in

with the business!" he whispered. "Give out with some good sound effects—spooky variety!" He grinned approvingly as a weird clanking filled the air. "Attaboy," he muttered.

Lefty gulped, his face startled. "I didn't make that noise," he breathed. "It came from upstairs! Maybe—maybe it was Pete!"

Silk was about to speak, but stopped. Lefty's face—why was it that unearthly color? What gave it that corpse-like blue tint? It was a ghostly light that was bathing the room—where did it come from? His eyes were playing him tricks, that was it—better get on with the business of scaring Slim McKee until he was ripe for plucking! "Okay," he muttered, licking his lips. "Here goes with a gen-u-wine phantom groan!" He opened his mouth—then stopped suddenly.

"*AHHH-EEEEEE!*" It had come from upstairs, no doubt about it—a long drawn-out, wailing moan like an echo from an old tomb! It *must* be Pete—it *couldn't* be anybody else! "Pete!" Silk found himself shouting hoarsely, "*Pete!*"

In answer came a high-pitched, gurgling scream of horrible fright. Past the doorway ran Pete, his face a mask of pale horror. He didn't bother opening the sagging old front door—he crashed right through it! A choked gasp, a whirl of movement—that was Lefty following him. Abandoned by his accomplices, Silk found every limb atremble as he edged fearfully into the hall. Almost against his will, he felt his glance being drawn to the staircase. Then his eyes widened and his mouth opened to shriek—for on the stairs stood the *thing*! Now it was coming toward him—silently—on and on! He tried to run, but he was paralyzed. Scream after scream burst from his lips, but then the creature was upon him—and the screaming stopped!

Disgustedly, Slim McKee left the old house. He'd had enough! Hard enough for a man to get his sleep without all those strange noises! "It *musta* been those guys, tryin' to make me believe that place was *really* haunted!" he grumbled. "Huh—as if I'd ever fall for any of *that* stuff!"





## AT THE COURT OF KING CHARLES...

WE ROYALISTS FOUGHT THE REBELS AT EDGE HILL, MILORD! BOTH ARMIES WERE ALMOST WIPED OUT--WITH VICTORY TO NEITHER! AND NOW COMES THE STORY THAT THE DEAD RISE EACH NIGHT--TO BATTLE UNTIL ONE SIDE WINS!

AS YOUR KING, I COMMAND THAT YOU RIDE TO EDGE HILL AT MIDNIGHT--AND SEEK THE TRUTH OF THIS STRANGE STORY!

## THAT EVENING...AT THE EDGE HILL PARSONAGE...

WE HAVE COME TO INVESTIGATE THIS PEASANT NONSENSE ABOUT GHOSTLY ARMIES!

NONSENSE? I HAVE BEEN TO THE SPOT, COLONEL KIRKE ...AND I KNOW ITS HORROR!

## THE BATTLEFIELD ...MIDNIGHT...

I STILL DON'T BELIEVE IT! I'LL PIT MY STEEL AGAINST ANY GHOST THAT WALKS!

HARK ...HEAR THAT? BUGLES ...SOUNDING THE REBEL CALL TO ARMS!

TA-RA TA-RAA!





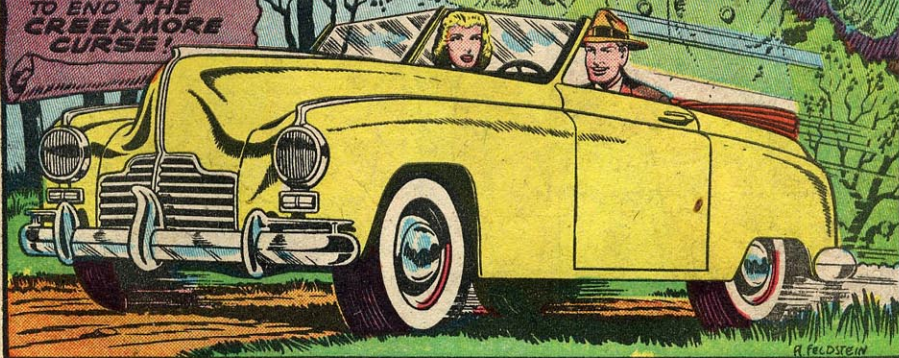


# The CREEKMORE CURSE

**CAN THE SPIRIT OF PAST EVIL LURK IN THE RUINS OF AN OLD HOUSE... WAITING TO BE REVIVED BY THE UNSUSPECTING MORTALS WHO STUMBLE UPON ITS SECRET? DEAD FOR TWO CENTURIES, DR. GAUNT RETURNS FOR A NEW WAVE OF DARK EXPLOITS... UNTIL HIS VICTIMS THEMSELVES RISE FROM THEIR GRAVES TO END THE CREEKMORE CURSE!**

THERE'S **ONE** NICE THING ABOUT BEING SECRETARY TO A RESEARCH HISTORIAN... I'M NEVER QUITE SURE **WHERE** WE'RE GOING!

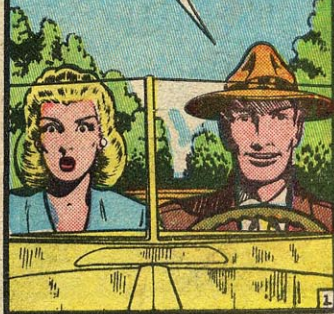
I'VE KEPT IT AS A SURPRISE, DEBBY! REMEMBER OUR PRELIMINARY STUDIES ON **CREEKMORE COUNTY?**



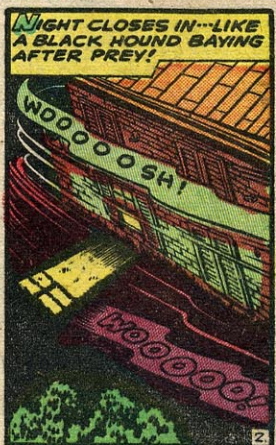
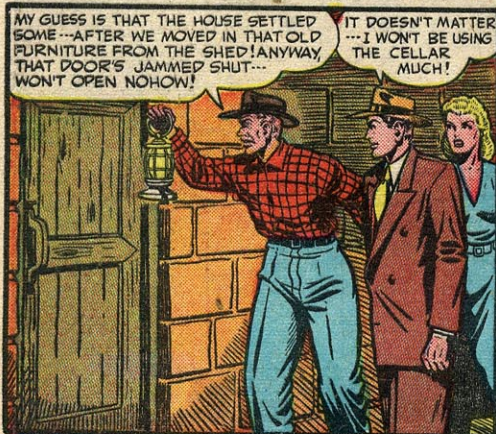
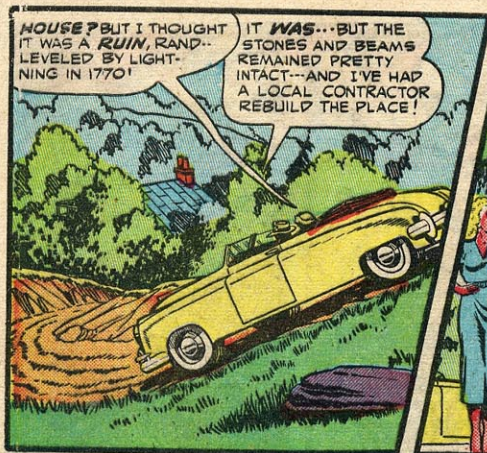
CERTAINLY! THOSE EARLY RECORDS SHOWED THAT BETWEEN 1720 AND 1770, THERE HAD BEEN **NO CRIME** OF ANY KIND IN CREEKMORE COUNTY!

WELL I'VE LEARNED MORE! THE **SAME** PERIOD WAS MARKED BY A SERIES OF MYSTERIOUS DISASTERS... CASES OF VIOLENT OR SEEMINGLY ACCIDENTAL DEATH...

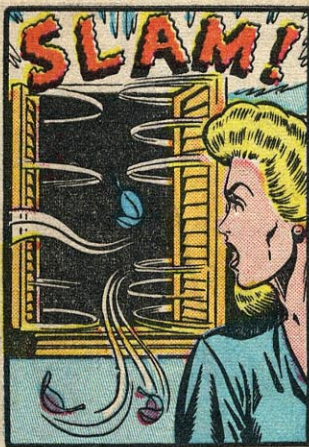
I'M SURE THERE'S SOME CONNECTION! IT MEANS STUDYING THE TRADITIONS OF CREEKMORE COUNTY AT FIRST HAND... SO I'VE BOUGHT THAT OLD HOUSE IN **WHISPERING HOLLOW!**













THAT CELLAR ROOM IS  
CRAWLING WITH EVIL...  
I CAN FEEL IT!



**CRRREAK!**

HAAA-HA-HA!



THE FOOLS HAVE RESTORED OUR GATHERING-PLACE!  
NOW WE ARE RESTORED...AND OUR CURSE ON  
CREEKMORE COUNTY!

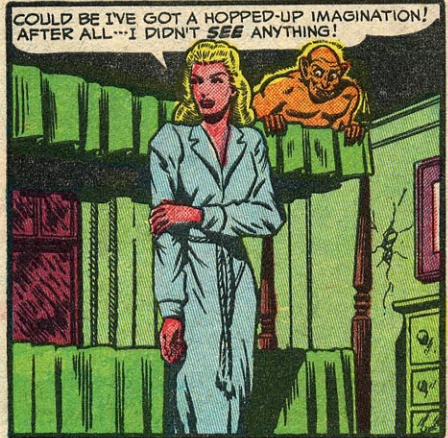


I CAN'T LEAVE HERE IN THIS STORM!  
IT'S JUST A MATTER OF KEEPING  
CALM...AND TRYING TO GET  
SOME SLEEP!

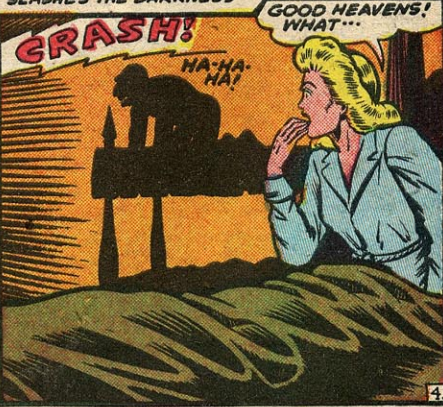


WOOO-OOOO!

COULD BE I'VE GOT A HOPPED-UP IMAGINATION!  
AFTER ALL...I DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING!



**A** MOMENT LATER...AS A LIGHTNING BOLT  
SLASHES THE DARKNESS...



**CRASH!**

HA-HA-  
HA!

GOOD HEAVENS!  
WHAT...





NOT NOW! BUT CREEKMORE COUNTY KNEW ME AS DR. GAUNT... TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

NO...THERE WAS NO CRIME IN CREEKMORE COUNTY! I DREW OFF EVIL WITH MY BLACK MAGIC...I COLLECTED IT...AS THE SUBSTANCE FROM WHICH I BUILT MY FIENDS!



OH-H!

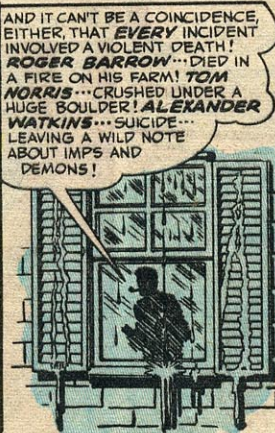
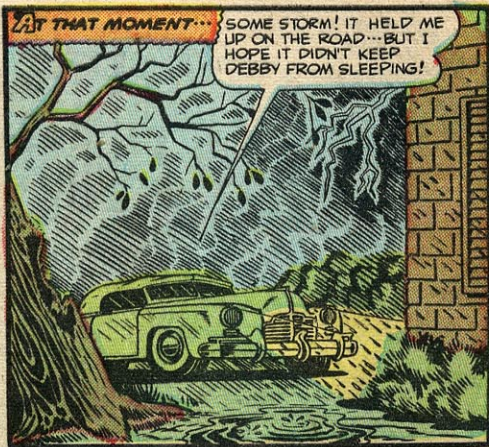


SUDDENLY...

YAAASH! LIGHTNING!

CRRRAK!











LOOK! NOTICE HOW FREQUENTLY THE LIGHTNING HITS? CRAZY AS IT SOUNDS...MAYBE IT'S A SIGNAL...POINTING OUT A PLACE OF SAFETY!



STEADY, DEB...WE'VE GOT THEM STYMIED!

THE LIGHTNING CAN'T LAST FOREVER! BLAST YOU...WE'LL WAIT!



AS THE THUNDER RUMBLES INTO THE NIGHT...

THEY WON'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG RAND! THE SKY'S CLEARING!

LOOK! THERE'S ONE OF THE NAMES ON THAT LIST I DREW UP...  
**ROGER BARROW!**



I AM HERE!

BARROW'S GHOST! IT'S AS IF I HAD SUMMONED HIM!



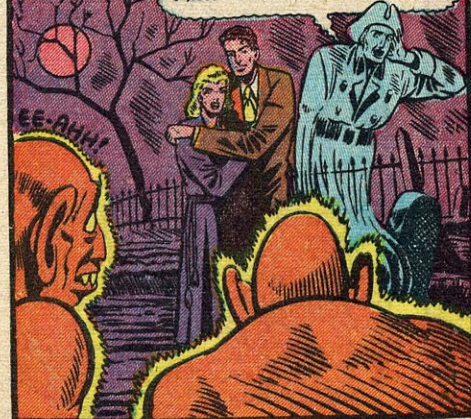
HAAA! DO YOU SEE THE MOON? THE STORM IS OVER...THERE'S NOTHING TO CHECK US!

HA-EEE!

ARGH!



ALEXANDER WAAATKINS!

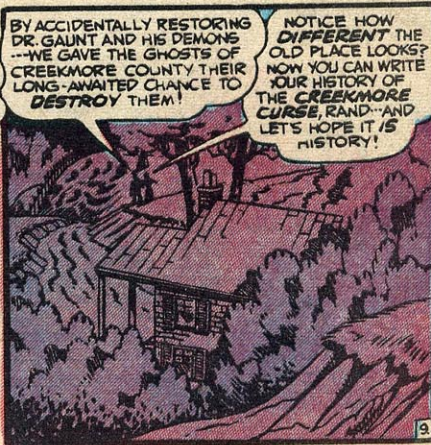
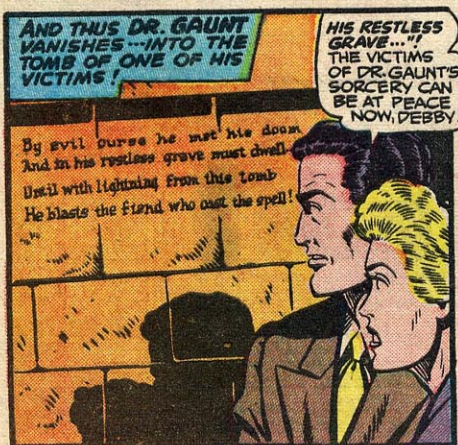


YARRRGH!

I AM HERE!









*Now* YOU CAN HAVE  
**DARING** *Newest Look* **BEAUTY**  
 WITH ALL-IN-ONE  
**TRIOLETTE**

*It's All  
 These*

- 1-uplift bra  
 2-waist nipper  
 3-garter belt

Put your figure in style! Look feminine, curvaceous—instantly—with new marvelous TRIOLETTE. It's taken New York by storm...it's all the rage with smart girls...because it rounds you enticingly in the right places with never a bulge in the wrong ones! Lightly but cleverly boned—to pull in your waist, give fullness to hips, lift bust to alluring firm contours. No matter what shape bosom you have! Magical, you'll agree...and this one little garment does it all! In luxury rayon satin—with revealing lace inserts at bust, dainty net edging at top and bottom. Comfortable! Lastex insert, adjustable hook-and-eye back fastening, 4 adjustable garters. Bra straps included, adjustable, easy to attach. New TRIOLETTE costs little more than bra alone! We know you'll be thrilled—your money back if not 100% pleased with your glamorous

“New Look”

figure. A cup, 32 to 36.

B cup, (larger) 32 to 38.

Blue white or nude.

For That  
 Thrilling  
 NEW LOOK

Tiny Waist  
 —Full Bosom  
**FIGURE**

*Have*

**\$5.95** • BLUE  
 • WHITE  
 • NUDE

SEND ON 10-DAY APPROVAL



BE SMARTLY  
 STRAPLESS OR  
 WEAR STRAPS  
 ALSO  
 INCLUDED

**Costs so little**

MAIL COUPON NOW!

**WILCO CO., Dept. 676-B**  
**45 East 17th St., New York**

Rush your new TRIOLETTE for \$5.95. CUP \_\_\_\_\_ SIZE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postage. ☐ I enclose \$5.95. You pay postage

1st Color Choice	2nd Color Choice
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Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City, Zone, State \_\_\_\_\_

I understand if not delighted with TRIOLETTE I can return in 10 days for full purchase price refund.



# HOW A SIMPLE DISCOVERY MADE BILLY A VERY HAPPY BOY

PLEASE PAY ATTENTION TO YOUR PIANO LESSON BILLY! YOU'LL NEVER LEARN THAT WAY



AW! WISH I COULD JOIN MY PALS. THIS PIANO TEACHER GIVES ME A PAIN

WHY DON'T YOU LIKE TO PRACTICE YOUR PIANO LESSONS BILLY?



'CAUSE I JUST HATE THOSE DRILLS AND EXERCISES

IT'S NO USE MARY. WE'LL HAVE TO STOP BILLY'S PIANO LESSONS

AND TO THINK HE'S BEEN STUDYING 2 YEARS AND IT COST US OVER \$300



NOW'S MY CHANCE TO SKIP OUT AND JOIN THE GANG AT THE SODA PARLOR. HOPE MOM DON'T GET WISE



AT JONES SODA PARLOR



GOLLY... LOOK HOW BOBBY'S MAKING A HIT WITH HIS PIANO PLAYING... AND HE COULDN'T PLAY A TUNE LAST WEEK

HOW'D YOU LEARN TO PLAY PIANO SO WELL AND SO FAST... BOBBY



IT'S A CINCH BILLY. WITH A SLIDE CHORD DEVICE ANYONE CAN LEARN TO PLAY IN A JIFFY



IMAGINE DEAR, HOW MUCH MONEY WE COULD HAVE SAVED BILLY HAD KNOWN IF THAT SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE

AND HE WOULD HAVE PLAYED SO NICELY 2 YEARS AGO

IT'S AMAZING SHIRLEY, HOW NICELY YOU'RE PLAYING THE PIANO IN LESS THAN 5 DAYS. HOW DO I GET STARTED?

WRITE TO THE DALE SHEARS SCHOOL OF MUSIC, STRUTHERS, OHIO. THE COST IS ONLY \$2 COMPLETE AND INCLUDES THE SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE, 25 EASY LESSONS AND 33 POPULAR SONGS—ALL SOLD ON A MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. JUST CLIP THE COUPON, TOM. YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT!



NEWLY INVENTED SLIDE CHORD DEVICE MOVES OVER KEYBOARD AND TRAINS ANY ONE TO PLAY PIANO IN ONE DAY

This amazing invention fits any piano and guides your fingers through the most complicated melodies and tunes. No tedious drills or exercises. You get quick and pleasing results by following our Easy ABC PICTURE METHOD containing 25 complete lessons. And in addition there are 33 popular songs so arranged that anyone, even a child, can play them all from 4 simple chords. Now there's no need to envy your piano-playing friends. Overnight, you, too, will become the life of the party.

## FREE NO-RISK TRIAL OFFER

Because of the unusual success of our exclusive method, our generous NO RISK offer must prove everything we claim or it costs you nothing. The 25 lesson ABC PICTURE COURSE with 33 SONGS ARRANGED TO PLAY FROM 4 CHORDS and the newly-invented CHORD-SLIDE DEVICE cost only \$2 complete—not a penny more to pay EVER. SEND NO MONEY. Mail the coupon to-day and when the course arrives, pay only \$2 plus the C. O. D. charges (We prepay postage if you enclose \$2). Then, if after 5 days you are not actually playing piano with both hands by ear or note, return the entire course and your \$2 will be refunded.

## SEND NO MONEY-MAIL COUPON

Dale Shears School of Music  
Studio 2202, Struthers 3, Ohio

☐ Subject to your Money-Back Guarantee, I am enclosing \$2 (cash, check or money order) as full payment for the new CHORD-SLIDE INVENTION, the self-teaching "ABC PICTURE-METHOD" and the 33 POPULAR SONGS, all arranged to be played with 4 simple chords. You agree to pay the postage.  
☐ Send COD and I will pay \$2 plus postage. Same Money-Back Guarantee applies.  
Sorry, No Canadian Orders.

NAME .....  
Address .....  
CITY ..... STATE .....



# HAVE FUN! GET LAUGHS.. AMAZE FRIENDS



## So-Called **ELECTRIC JOY BUZZER**

Tickles and seems to shock them. The Joy Buzzer can be concealed in the palm of your hand after slipping a ring over one of your fingers. When you shake hands with anyone they touch off a mechanism that causes it to tickle, which to some seems like a shocking sensation. Only 69c. Order by No. 669

## POCKET ADDING MACHINE

Amazing New Midget **ADDING MACHINE**  
FITS VEST POCKET

Adds, Divides, Subtracts, Multiplies—So Simple, So Easy to Use! Does work of higher priced adding machines. Durable handsome leatherette case. Send for MIDGET ADDING MACHINE. On arrival, pay postman only \$2.98 plus C.O.D. postage. See address below. Order by No. 141



## GENUINE MILITARY **Wrist Watch**

Here it is! The Wrist Watch Bargain of the year! Not \$15... not \$10... but NOW only \$6.95 each. But you'll have to hurry. The supply is limited at this amazing low price! Precision built, split second time-keeper. Also water-protected, shock absorber. Radium hands and numerals and red second hand makes watch easy to read in the dark. Handsome non-corrosive stainless steel case. Order No. 396. Get Yours TODAY! Only \$6.95



## COMB-A-TRIM

Something new! Trim your hair just like you comb your hair! Also removes hair from legs, arms, etc. Save on hair-cuts. Trim your own hair and family's too! Only 89c. Order by No. 334.



## REALISTIC IMITATION **GIANT SPIDER**

(Tarantula) Eeeee! This large Tarantula Spider looks alive. Frightens men, women, and children. Large realistic size. Horrifies. Long spring legs make it vibrate realistically. Order Now for the thrill of your life. Only 69c. Order No. 416



## Amazing **ELECTRIC LIGHT BOW TIE**

Be the life of the party! The flashes on and off from buttons hidden in pocket. Complete with bulbs, battery and cord. Only \$1.98. Order No. 721

**EXTRA**  
At No  
Additional  
Cost if Your  
Order Totals \$2.00

## Be an "EDGAR BERGEN"

"Throw Your Voice!" Confuse people at parties or in crowds by seeming to be calling for someone in an emergency. Call for "Help, Help." "Get Me Out of Here." Give parties to laughing. Easy directions.



## PLATE LIFTER

Amazing device lifts and lowers dishes, etc. like magic. Fits secretly under table cloth. May be controlled by anyone at table. Always good for a laugh. Only 69c. Order No. 720



## SQUIRT RING

Some fire joke to play on your friends! Mention your new ring and as they look closely—squirt stream of water in their face! So real, so innocent looking they never suspect. Only 69c. No. 609

## Amazing Mystery! **SECRET MONEY BELT**

An ideal place to hide bills, valuables and still carry them with you. Made of top quality, long-lasting fine leather.

Item No. 706

## DRIBBLE GLASS

Make your drinking friends draw! Looks just like ordinary glass until tipped, water dribbles through "slits in side" No one can detect it! Roaring laughs every time! No. 582, just 49c



## LEARN to DANCE

Why be a lonely, unpopular wallflower when you can learn all the smart dances from the most modern to old favorites at home—in private without teacher, music or partner! So easy even a child can learn quickly! This book should teach you in five days.

See order coupon. Only \$1.00



## BARKING DOG

Score the cat, have fun with the children! Sounds like a frisky dog barking. People hear him but can't find him. Fun! Pocket size. Order No. 740. Write Today! ONLY 69c



## 16"MM MOVIE PROJECTOR

Hand Operated

Show your own movies at home. Easy to use



Safe 100-foot film capacity. Uses regular home type electric light bulb. Wide choice film available. Use order coupon. Only \$7.95 No. 808

## Now Play this New **HARMONICA** in 15 Minutes



You Can Now Get This Brand New Golden-Tone Harmonica PLUS Simplified Course of Instruction that Quickly Teaches You to Play Song Hits of Every Kind for only \$1.49.

If you can hum a tune you can learn to play. Not a toy but a real musical instrument. Order No. 624

### Amazing **MAGIC PENCIL**

Multiplies and Divides INSTANTLY

Get the right answer every time! Mistakes are impossible with this handy new invention! Divides up to 144, multiplies any primary number in a flash. Fits conveniently on pencil. Send no money—on arrival pay postman just 49c plus postage. Check No. 593 on coupon!

## NOW BROADCAST IN YOUR HOME WITH THIS AMAZING **RADIO "MIKE"**

Sensational new invention attaches to your radio. Speak into Mike and your own voice comes through the speaker, as if you were broadcasting! Around your friends as your voice comes over the "air". No one can tell the difference unless you give the joke away! Amazing "MIKE" looks just like a real microphone. Get one today! Just \$1.49. Order by No. 641

## HOW TO ORDER

Just check items wanted and mail your order to HOLLISTER-WHITE CO., DEPT. 845 215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. EXTRA—if your order totals \$2.00 or more we will send you a GIFT our "Throw Your Voice" device. If your order totals \$4.00 or more you get the Jumping Snake PLUS the "Throw Your Voice" device. Order TODAY. (If you want only a FREE Catalog write name and address on a penny postcard.)

<input type="checkbox"/> HOLLISTER-WHITE CO., DEPT. 845	
215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.	
Send me the items I have checked below:	
<input type="checkbox"/> 649 JOY BUZZER.....	49c
<input type="checkbox"/> 141 MIDGET ADDING MACHINE.....	2.98
<input type="checkbox"/> 396 MILITARY WRIST WATCH.....	6.95
<input type="checkbox"/> 334 COMB-A-TRIM.....	.89
<input type="checkbox"/> 641 RADIO MIKE.....	1.49
<input type="checkbox"/> 808 HAND OPERATED PROJECTOR.....	7.95
<input type="checkbox"/> 609 SQUIRT RING.....	.69
<input type="checkbox"/> 720 PLATE LIFTER.....	.69
<input type="checkbox"/> 706 SECRET MONEY BELT.....	.69
<input type="checkbox"/> 117 LEARN TO DANCE.....	1.00
<input type="checkbox"/> 582 DRIBBLE GLASS.....	.49
<input type="checkbox"/> 721 ELECTRIC LIGHT BOW TIE.....	1.98
<input type="checkbox"/> 624 HARMONICA.....	1.49
<input type="checkbox"/> 593 MAGIC PENCIL.....	.49
<input type="checkbox"/> 416 IMITATION SPIDER.....	2.49
<input type="checkbox"/> 740 BARKING DOG.....	.69
<input type="checkbox"/> My order totals \$2.00. Send me the "Throw Your Voice" device as a GIFT.	
<input type="checkbox"/> My order totals \$4.00 or more. Send me the "Throw Your Voice" device plus Jumping Snake.	

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_